

COMMERCIAL POSSIBILITIES IN LAND of NAKED MEN



Dean Conant Worcester, for Twelve Years Secretary of Interior for Philippines, Says Inhabitants of Islands Are Industrious and Intelligent.

There is a happy land several thousand miles away where it never gets hot and never gets cold and where there is a fine chance for Americans to make money if they will only go after the chance. That is the opinion of Dean Conant Worcester, for twelve years Secretary of the Interior of the Philippine Islands, but who is now living in New York and telling of the wonders of the Philippines, which he characterizes as one of the finest tracts of land on earth.

The islands are inhabited by people capable of a high state of education and capable of doing a great deal of hard work.

Worcester, at his New York office, 30 Church street, New York, sighed for the warm winds of Luzon last winter when snow filled the streets in New York. With the prospect of 192 in the shade for next summer, Worcester is sighing again for the climate of Manila where it has been hot only three times since 1889.

The islands are healthful, says Worcester. It is only unsanitary conditions that have given them a bad name. With American occupation the so-called tropical diseases are disappearing. Worcester in his praise of the islands has given only one bad name to them. He says the climate there has no sales to it and Americans become nervous because of the monotony of pleasant weather and pine for some snow and heat.

Manila is the key city of the Orient, says Worcester. It has a perfect harbor and can be made the trade center for 800,000,000 people. That is about half the population of the world, so Worcester wants American business men to wake up and get in on the ground floor of that big market.

"One of our Congressmen recently said on the floor of the House that the islands are a lemon," said Worcester. "The Japanese know better, and the British business men who have investigated know better."

"The Philippine exports in 1913 to the United States were \$21,000,000 and they bought \$5,000,000 worth of goods from the United States more than they sold us. The undeveloped resources of the archipelago are vast. There are hundreds of splendid sites for water power plants, yet at the present there is not a single hydraulic plant."

"The bolo men have almost disappeared and a state of order, leaving almost nothing to be desired, has been established."

"The islands never have been properly exploited. All the published attractions are in existence, and many that never have been exploited."

"Manila hemp is the first export in importance, and coconuts are second. The most valuable hardwood forests in the world are in the island of Luzon."

"Concrete bridges, sawmills, modern fire fighting apparatus and traction plows are in use."

WOMAN TELLS OF AMERICAN IN ISLANDS.

While Worcester is enthusiastic

about the Philippine Islands, he is no more enthusiastic than Mrs. Harriet Chalmers Adams, who has just returned from a hasty survey of the odd corners of the world. She saw white rajahs and head hunters and turesque items of life on the other side of the globe. And—being blessed with the consistent inconsistency of a charming woman—she was most impressed by an American boy—just a kid of 22 or thereabouts—the sort of youngster you can see on every corner.

"He was an officer in the Philip-

pine constabulary," said Mrs. Adams, "in charge of a district in Jolo, occupied by an unsubdued and piratical tribe of Moros. We approached Bagak by boat"—note, that name sounds all right and looks all right, but it isn't guaranteed—"and as our steamer drew up to the wharf we could hear the rifle popping in the town. We knew that a war had broken out."

Anything may happen, and usually does in Moroland. The inhabitants are very handy with all sorts of weapons, and have no weak antipathy to blood. But the 22-year-old officer, in command of his lit-

UPPER left—Dean Conant Worcester. Center—a building showing work of natives under supervision of Americans. Upper right—Bogobo women. Center right—A Negrito playing a nose flute. Lower left—A typical Mandayan. Lower right—A Negrito house.

tle squad, six or eight saddle-colored constables, hopped cheerily to the pier, and waved his handker-

chief in farewell, and then said:

"H'm." So that the forlorn little bundle of brown men, their narrow shoulders bracing in imitation of the soldierly swing of the white man ahead trotted toward that small hell which was boiling over in Bagak. The boat quivered and groaned away from the pier. Mrs. Adams went to her tiny cabin to have her cry. There didn't seem a chance for that cheerful youngster ever to get out

alive, and the sacrifice seemed such a useless one. She met him later, though. He had diplomatically bumped a few Sulu heads together. So they gave him a feast, and are likely waiting for the chance to stick him in the back.

After all, he was just a typical officer of constabulary, Mrs. Adams adds. These youngsters—they range in age from 22 to 32—are doing that sort of thing all the time, so that peace has very largely fallen upon the Philippines. She found Igorots wearing wildcat skins about their shoulders working out their road taxes. Thank the constables for that irony. An almost equally valuable Philippine asset is the force of medical missionaries.

"Salvation," says Mrs. Adams, "follows sanitation. The missionaries carry a bible in one hand—but in the other they have bottles of castor oil for the interior and cod oil for the surface of their brown friends."

CROSSES CONTINENT ON BACK OF MULE.

With her husband, F. P. Adams of the Pan-American organization in Washington, Mrs. Adams has crossed South America on mule-back, lived for months where no white woman has ever been seen, and had adventures that would make a lifetime's talk for the average sportsman. This being considered, it is of a certain importance that she is a very pretty woman. On this year's trip she visited Rajah Brooke in Borneo, the third white rajah of his line, and the only one left in the world. He lives in regal state, unbothered by telephones, in his province of Sarawak. It adds a picturesque modern touch to learn that he married into a flourishing English biscuit business.

"Those wonderful English women in Borneo," said Mrs. Adams in admiration. "They are the finest frontier women in the world where their teapot is home. They were preparing to go hundreds of miles by boat to the races at Jesselton—the great event of the year. Not one complained of conditions. They did exchange felicitations upon the past season."

"Hardly any pythons," they said to each other, "have come out of the jungle this year."

In Ecuador she learned that head hunting is at an end, and except when representatives of museums encourage the savage—or non-salt eating—natives to acquire a stranger's head and then reduce it to the size of an apple by a secret process of their own. In Paraguay she found the vanished Arcadia.

"Years ago the Jesuits were expelled from one district," said she, "but the natives they taught are still industrious and well behaved. Their proficiency in some arts is remarkable. They were savages when the Jesuits came to them."

At Mexico she visited the Monte Carlo of the east—a magnificent town of gamblers, where no play is too high. Through an open archway one may enter old China. On the Hayti-Dominican border she had the one experience that occurred to her as an adventure. They were sleeping in the house of Captain Beale of the United States customs force. At midnight they heard a rustle in the wall. Beale was called.

"Just a tarantula," said he. "Probably the mate of the one I killed this morning."

Sometimes people die from the bite of a tarantula. No one ever forms the tarantula habit. In Harbin, Manchuria, it was extremely cold at the time of her visit. She remarked upon the heavy and valuable fur coats the public coachmen wear.

"Almost every night," a police officer told her, "some coachman is shot for his skins."

Which is a bright light upon conditions in Harbin. She admired the tigers and elephants of the sultan of Johore and the jingling state in which he lives. But nothing else on her tour appealed to her as these headless college boys who are carrying law to the Philippines. "They are something between magistrates and crusaders. Their days are epic. And we never heard of them."

not being able to assimilate it because it is not chewed enough.

"Stand erect and breathe deeply and you will find that your chest will increase and your waist-line decrease. No person can have good health without a well-developed chest. Just as soon as a person has an abdomen larger than his chest sickness is sure to follow sooner or later."

"Instead of teaching their children to breathe, mothers spend their time in discussing fashions of running to the dressmaker or milliner. They pay dear for their fashions, however, in sorrow when their children are taken sick."

that should not be in the system.

"There is no such a thing as sickness or death. We burn up. We are like a furnace. We burn up. We are like a furnace because we do not properly regulate our draughts. If we properly regulated human draughts like furnace draughts are regulated, we would live many years longer than we do."

"Half of the people swallow their food whole. They won't take time to eat. People should chew their food, and they would find that their health would be greatly increased. Nearly every case of indigestion is caused by the improper assimilation of food, the digestive organs

case that comes to him. Frequently he prescribes the wrong drug for his patient, with dire results and even death in many cases.

"There is no need of people taking medicines. The only remedy that they need to take for sickness, overweight, underweight or any ailments is a large amount of water and plenty of breathing."

"Drink hot water every hour during the day and flush out your stomach and you won't have to go to the doctor. Water equalizes the weight of your body, irrigates the blood vessels, washes out the blood cells and compels germs to leave the system. It destroys everything

"The doctor experiments on every

thousands of persons were dying annually because doctors were treating them for one disease when they had another.

"Plenty of pure water and a large amount of fresh air properly breathed will cure any sickness and make blind men see and paralytics walk," he declared.

"Many colleges in the country," he said, "are graduating surgeons who have never had a knife in their hand, and physicians who know scarcely anything about the effects of drugs upon the system. This has been proven by the Rockefeller foundation investigations and several newspaper exposures."

JAIL SENTENCES RECOMMENDED FOR THOSE WHO ARE SICK—THEY VIOLATE HEALTH LAWS

Jail sentences for all persons who complain of any kind of sickness was the recommendation made by Prof. Charles Munter of New York.

He declared that a sick person should be jailed because he or she had committed a breach of the laws of nature just the same as a criminal should be jailed because he had robbed a bank, committed a murder, assault or any other offense against the law.

A person has no more right to be sick than he has to jump out of a window in a high building, according to Professor Munter. He stated that sickness was absolutely unnecessary and that thousands upon